Ralph Waldo Emerson Replies to Anne Morrow Lindbergh

The Saturday Review of Literature

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By Hamish Hamilton

"LIFE FOR LIFE'S SAKE"
By Richard Aldington
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

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FIFTH COLUMN, THREE SIDES
Three Reviews by Norman Cousins

"REASON, SOCIAL MYTHS, AND DEMOCRACY"
By Sidney Hook
Reviewed by Jacques Barzun

Courtesy Atlantic Monthly

RICHARD ALDINGTON, author of "Life for Life's Sake," is prepared "to savor his past with relish." *(See page 5)*

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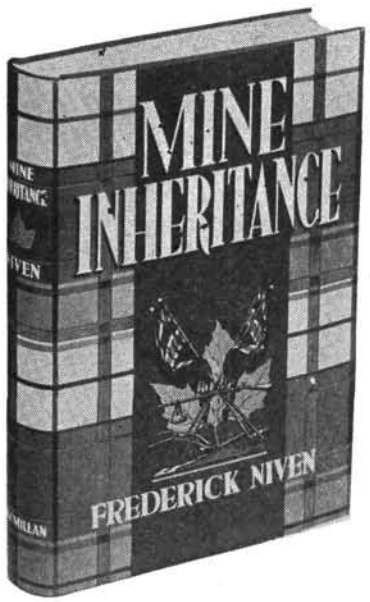

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Waves of Chance

A COINCIDENTAL COMMENTARY ON "THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE"

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The title of this article, of course, is our own. When published originally by Ralph Waldo Emerson ninety-seven years ago, it was called "Politics." It is published here, for whatever pertinency it may have toward our times in general, and Anne Morrow Lindbergh's "The Wave of the Future," in particular. This essay appears in condensed form, with sequence changes for purposes of emphasis.

IN this country, we are very vain of our political institutions, which are singular in that they sprung from the character and condition of the people, and we ostentatiously prefer them to any other in history. But our institutions, though in coincidence with the spirit of the age, have not any exemption from the practical defects which have discredited other forms. What satire on government can equal the severity of censure conveyed in the word *politic,* which now for ages has signified *cunning,* intimating that the State is a trick?

I do not for these defects despair of our republic. We are not at the mercy of any waves of chance. Citizens of feudal states are alarmed at our democratic institutions lapsing into anarchy; and the more cautious among us are learning from Europeans to look with some terror at our freedom. It is said that in our license of construing the Constitution and in the despotism of public opinion, we have no anchor.

We live in a very low state of the world, and pay unwilling tribute to governments founded on force. There is not, among the most religious and instructed men of the most religious and civil nations, a reliance on the moral sentiment, and a sufficient belief in the unity of things to persuade them that society can be maintained without artificial restraints, as well as the solar system; or that the private citizen might be reasonable, and a good neighbor, without the hint of jail or confiscation. What is strange, too, is that there never was in any man sufficient faith in the power of rectitude to inspire him with the broad design of renovating the State on the principle of right and love.

All those who have pretended this design have been partial reformers, and have admitted in some manner the supremacy of the Bad State. I do not call to mind a single human being who has steadily denied the authority of the laws, on the simple ground of his own moral nature. Such designs, full of genius and full of fate as they are, are not entertained except avowedly as air-pictures.

We must not imagine that all things are lapsing into confusion, nor doubt that roads can be built, letters carried, and the fruit of labor secured, when the government of force is at an end. We think our civilization near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star. In our barbarous society the influence of character is in its infancy. As a political power, as the rightful lord who is to tumble all the rulers from their chairs, its presence is hardly yet suspected. Malthus and Ricardo quite omit it; the Annual Register is silent; in the Conversations' Lexicon, it is not set down; the President's Message, the Queen's Speech, have not mentioned it; and yet it is never nothing.

"We are not at the mercy of any waves of chance . . ."

Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world, alters the world. The gladiators in the lists of power feel, through all their freaks of force and simulation, the presence of worth. I think the very strife of trade and ambition are confession of this divinity; and successes in those fields are the poor amends, the fig-leaf with which the shamed soul attempts to hide its nakedness. I find the like unwilling homage in all quarters. It is because we know how much is due from us that we are impatient to show some petty talent as a substitute for worth. We are haunted by a conscience of this right to grandeur of character, and are false to it.

THERE are limitations beyond which the folly and ambition of governors cannot go. Things have their laws, as well as men; and things refuse to be trifled with. Corn will not grow unless it is planted and manured; but the farmer will not plant or hoe it, unless the chances are a hundred to one that he will cut and harvest it.

Under any forms, persons and property must and will have their just sway. They exert their power, as steadily as matter its attraction. Cover up a pound of earth, divide and subdivide it, melt it to liquid, convert it to gas; it will always weigh a pound; it will always attract and resist other matter, by the full virtue of one-pound weight. The attributes of a person, his wit and his moral energy, will exercise, under any law, or extinguishing tyranny, their proper force—if not overtly, then covertly; if not for the law, then against it; with right, or by might.

It is impossible to fix the boundaries of personal influence, as persons are organs of moral or supernatural force. Under the domination of an idea, which possesses the minds of multitudes, as civil freedom, or the religious sentiment, the powers of persons are no longer subjects of calculation. A na-

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tion of men unanimously bent on freedom can easily confound the arithmetic of statists, and achieve extravagant actions out of all proportion to their means; as the Greeks, the Saracens, the Swiss, the Americans have done.

In dealing with the State, we ought to remember that its institutions are not aboriginal, that they are not superior to the citizen, that every one of them was once the act of a single man, that every law and usage was a man's expedient to meet a particular case, that they are all imitable, all alterable. Society is an illusion to the young citizen. Republics abound in young civilians who believe that the laws make the city, that grave modifications of the policy and modes of living, and employments of the population, that commerce, education, and religion, may be voted in or out; and that any measure, though it were absurd, may be imposed on a people, if only you can get sufficient voices to make it a law.

But the wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand, which perishes in the twisting; that the State must follow and not lead the character and progress of the citizen; that the strongest usurper is quickly got rid of. Only they who build on Ideas, build for eternity. The form of government which prevails is the expression of what cultivation exists in the population which permits it.

Our statute is a currency, which we stamp with our own portrait. It soon becomes unrecognizable and in process of time will return to the mint. Nature is not democratic, nor limited nonarchical, but despotic, and will not be fooled or abated of any jot of her authority, by the pertest of her sons; and as fast as the public mind is opened to more intelligence, the code is seen to be brute and stammering. It speaks not articulately, but must be made to.

No forms can have any dangerous importance while we are befriended by the laws of things. It makes no difference how many tons weight of atmosphere presses on our heads, so long as the same pressure resists it within the lungs. Augment the mass a thousand fold, it cannot begin to crush us, as long as reaction is equal to action. The fact of two poles, of two forces, centripetal and centrifugal, is universal, and each force by its own activity develops the other. Wild liberty develops iron conscience. Want of liberty, by strengthening law and decorum, stupifies conscience. "Lynch law" prevails only where there is greater hardihood and self-subsistency in the leaders. A mob cannot be a permanency; everybody's interest requires that it should not exist, and only justice satisfies all.

We must trust infinitely to the beneficent necessity which shines through all laws. Human nature expresses itself in them as characteristically as in statues, or songs, or railroads, and an abstract of the codes of nations would be a transcript of the common conscience. Governments have their origin in the moral identity of men. Reason for one is seen to be reason for another, and for every other. There is a middle measure which satisfies all parties, be they never so many, or so resolute for their own. Absolute right is the first governor; every government is an impure theocracy. The idea, after which each community is aiming to make and mend its law, is the will of the wise man. All forms of government symbolize an immortal government, common to all dynasties and independent of numbers, perfect where two men exist, perfect where there is only one man.

Every man's nature is a sufficient advertisement to him of the character of his fellows. My right and my wrong is their right and their wrong. But whenever I find my dominion over myself not sufficient for me, and undertake the direction of him also, I overstep the truth, and come into false relations to him.

This undertaking for another is the blunder which stands in colossal ugliness in the governments of the world. It is the same thing in numbers, as in a pair, only not quite so intelligible. Any laws but those which men make for themselves are laughable. Hence the less government we have, the better. The antidote to the abuse of formal government is the influence of private character, the growth of the individual, the reappearance of the principal to supersede the proxy.

The tendencies of the times favor self-government, and leave to the individual the regards and penalties of his own constitution, which work with more energy than we believe, while we depend on artificial restraints. The movement in this direction has been very marked in modern history. A man has a right to be employed, to be trusted, to be loved, to be revered.

Fisher Ames expressed the popular security wisely, when he compared an authoritarian* state and a republic, saying that "an authoritarian state is a merchant-man, which sails well, but will sometimes strike on a rock, and go to the bottom; while a republic is a raft, which would never sink, but your feet are always in water."

The term "authoritarian state," present-day equivalent of "monarchy," in the sense it was originally used by Fisher Ames more than one hundred years ago, has been substituted for the latter term.

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Autobiography at Forty-Eight

LIFE FOR LIFE'S SAKE. By Richard Aldington. New York: Viking. 1941. 411 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THE trouble with most memoirs is that they are too urbane. They are full of ardors and excitements; but how easy it all sounds! Style has probably a good deal to do with this. Few books, for example, convey such a superb sense of the danger and uncertainty of living as George Moore's "Ave atque Vale." That is because George Moore writes every sentence as though he were skating with marvelous ease upon very thin ice. At any moment, one thinks, the ice will break; syntax, rhythm, even sense itself will give way; and George Moore will simply disappear. There is not a great deal of truth, nor a great deal of excitement in the contents of "Ave atque Vale"; it is all an elaborate trick. The dangers inherent in writing and the dangers inherent in living are inextricably confused. It is life done with mirrors. But it does not make life seem easy.

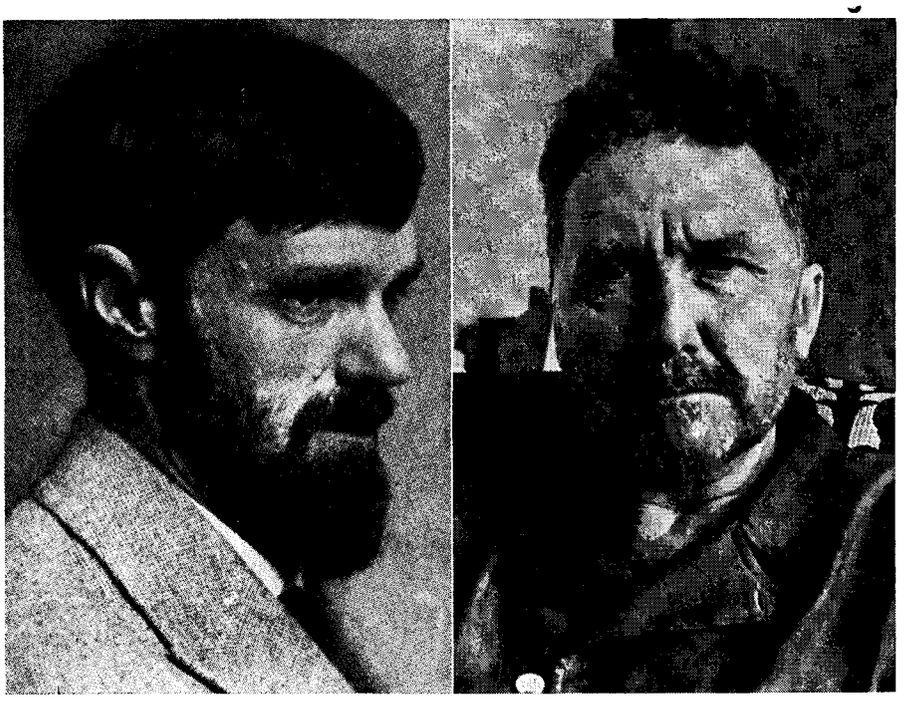
Richard Aldington, on the other hand, is one of the victims of retrospect, in the sense that he is just a little too urbane. He has lived fully and successfully, and (having got rid of his bitterness through the composition of novels) he is prepared to savor his past with relish. Every once in a while he makes a wry face; that is all.

I think that the charm of this book of reminiscences (and it has a good deal of charm) lies in the manner in which he makes these wry faces. He does not commit the mistake of filling his pages with the names of everyone whom he has met; if he mentions another human being it is because he has found that human being interesting, and for no other reason. At the same time, he does not assume that his friends have no faults. He sets them, faults and all; without malice so far as I can see, and with a good deal of reticence, but also with a real attempt to tell the truth.

He wrote "Life for Life's Sake," he says, because he saw clearly "that the Europe I had known and the kind of life I had led there would soon be as much a matter of the past as the 18th century before the French Revolution." The Europe he knew—a place through which one wandered, from town to town, sampling food and meeting friends—is possibly not the Europe which will seem important to historians. Mr. Aldington's kind of life, on the other hand, undoubtedly will. He is the complete individualist. He refrained in the '30's, he tells us, from quacking "what the big doctrinaire duck trumpeted": a singular phrase which means, I assume, that he refrained from politics; thereby banishing himself from most of the meaning of the '30's. Yet the individualist, whether he hurled himself into the turmoil or withdrew from it, is an interesting type in the history of our times. Mr. Aldington says that he aimed at being "a good European"; he ended by being a traveled Englishman.

Only a defeatist, however, is going to believe that many of the best things in Mr. Aldington's life are on their way out. He has worked very hard. He is a scholar; a gifted translator; an essayist, novelist, and poet who will often repay reading. In a fascist world, no doubt, such a person would be abolished; but it may be a little early to suppose that we are going to have a fascist world, or a fascist Europe. On the contrary, we may continue to have a democratic world, which will be rather harder on individualists than it used to be; to that extent only, Mr. Aldington's "kind of life" may be a thing of the past.

I trust that these remarks will not be taken as condemning "Life for Life's Sake." If it is somewhat too urbane, it is also entirely readable. It sets out to tell us what Mr. Aldington saw in England and Europe from the late '90's to the late '30's; what he saw in himself; and what he saw in his friends. It succeeds in doing this in a modest, intelligent, and agreeable way. It is frequently witty. It contains a number of good stories about not too many people. On the whole, it can be summed up, in the author's own words, as an account of a "short holiday from nothingness, a unique opportunity to enjoy the singular prerogative of consciousness." If you find such a philosophy to your taste—and there is no reason why it shouldn't be, if you don't take it too seriously—"Life for Life's Sake" will not disappoint you.



Written about by Mr. Aldington: D. H. Lawrence (left) and Ezra Pound.

Red Light

By Edith Lovejoy Pierce

HALT traffic at the Bridge! It is unsound.
One pier conceals an unsuspected flaw:
The body of a workman was not found,
Who died by tumbling down the concrete maw.

His blood the very furthest arches drink;
It rises, sap-like, from the center keel.—
No chain is stronger than its weakest link,
And flesh has not the tensile strength of steel.

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Thirteen Tales of China

TODAY AND FOREVER. By Pearl S. Buck. New York: John Day. 1941. 327 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM BATES

IT has been seven years since a collection of short stories by Pearl Buck has appeared, but the time is well-accounted for in the thirteen tales of China that make up the volume "Today and Forever." In them the reader is once more permitted to see behind the gentle masks of Oriental faces and to realize the force and passion behind the patterned courtesy of Chinese behavior. It is the dual point of view, the preservation of the enigmatic surface, while revealing the springs of actions and emotion within, that has especially endeared the work of Mrs. Buck to Western readers. Her Chinese characters remain "strange" to us even when we know intimately all the little incidents and major events that make up their lives; we measure them against ourselves, feel the likenesses and sense the differences. We are led into a new world but we find old landmarks there.

These stories form a chronological sequence which makes them more than just a random collection. The first of them, "The Lesson," a lovely and ironic tale of the early missionary days, tells of the hopeless work of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley of the Mission School with the girl Ru Lan, who seemed unable to learn anything, even the elementary rules of sanitation. Years later when "man Stanley" and "woman Stanley" visit Ru Lan in her home with her husband and children around her, they are only confirmed in their ideas of her stupid unadaptability. They go away never guessing the deep warm knowledge which she had gained from them that made her marriage something different in the Chinese village; and Ru Lan never guessed that they did not recognize her success. This is one of the most charming stories in the book, full of details of village life, and presenting the simple, circumscribed mind of Ru Lan with clear sympathy.

Pearl S. Buck

The later stories bring the characters down to the present, with bombs falling into the courtyards and streets, and Japanese soldiers breaking officiously into the quiet lives of the people. The old order is shattered but the same spirit which took old Mrs. Lin to the dance hall to watch stoically her husband make a "silly, fat old fool" of himself and then bring him home with restored dignity, carries the men and women through the new forms of torment. And it is worth noting how constantly women play the important parts in all the dramas here presented. They see what is to come before the men do, they are quicker to plan action, and they have the strength, and cruelty when necessary, to put through their plans. The Japanese have hard going against these women warriors. Even in such a story as "Tiger, Tiger" where the head bandit is a man, it is a woman who directs his force into the channels that make it effective. And the Golden Flower, a terror among other bandits, is herself a girl. And the gray women who come nameless and faceless out of the night to work in the disease infested bogs that have killed men like flies—these gray women who bring back to life the old Burma Road, when the usual one is closed, for all their anonymity, form the vital link in the Chinese lifeline.

The people are here, the men and women and children; their world, too, is full of life and reality, but in many of the stories they have to move through plots or romances that have a strangely ready-made tinge as contrasted with their own integrity. The flow of life in village or country and the shadowed movements within the personality of a complex people find Mrs. Buck the sympathetic and expert recorder, although in her framework she is less successful. It must be admitted that in several cases, where the outlines of the stories seem least convincing, most "made" for the occasion, the preface forestalls just such comments by stating that the incidents are based on actual happenings. Such actuality, however, has never been a guarantee that a narrative would seem real. The amazing thing is not that truth is stranger than fiction but that it is so disconcertingly like it.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

PRISONERS IN LITERATURE

Briefly described below are ten famous prisoners from the pages of literature. Allowing 5 points for each one you can name, and another if you can recall the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 24.

1. He had been in debtors' prison for so long that he was known as the Father of the Marshalsea.

2. Imprisoned for fourteen years in the dungeon of the Chateau d'If, he finally escaped and eventually revenged himself upon the three conspirators who had jailed him.

3. Drugged and kidnapped on the eve on his coronation, this king's throne was saved when his cousin impersonated him and finally freed him three months later.

4. For stealing a loaf of bread to keep his sister and her children from starving, this poor peasant was condemned to the galleys.

5. Imprisoned for four days by a giant, these travelers escaped when one of them remembered that he had a key in his possession that would open any lock in the castle.

6. Condemned to be beheaded for drowning her infant child, she was found in her cell, insane, by her lover, who was attempting to save her.

7. For accidentally injuring the new Roman governor of Judea, this wealthy young Jew was given a life sentence as a rower in the galleys.

8. Though innocent, he served a 30-year term for the supposed murder of his rich uncle.

9. About to be executed for killing a man who, he said, deserved to be killed, this Shakespeare-quoting prisoner refused to identify himself.

10. A blue handkerchief reminded this dungeon prisoner of the unfaithful Matilda, daughter of a university professor.

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Anglo-American Publishing

A PROBLEM IN MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING

HAMISH HAMILTON

READERS may wonder why I am venturing to tackle so vast a subject as Anglo-American Publishing and Mutual Understanding, when there are many more eminent publishers in England better qualified to do justice to my theme. In extenuation I feel that I must say something of my own relations with the United States.

To begin with, I am half American, though I have spent nearly all my life in Britain. My mother and sister live in New York, and many other strong ties of affection and friendship have always bound me to the States. My greatest ambition has long been to make some contribution to the cause of Anglo-American understanding.

Sixteen years ago, I read a book which proved a landmark in my career—"The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page." Before that I had been an omnivorous reader, but like most members of the general public, I had a vague idea that books were a natural growth. I could not have named three publishing houses. At that time I had just left university and been called to the bar and was thinking of trying to get into the diplomatic service. The story of Walter Hines Page made a deep impression on me. Here was a great American ambassador who had given his life in the service of Anglo-American friendship and made an invaluable contribution towards the defeat of Germany in 1918. But it was the earlier part of his life that caught my imagination, for he was engaged in what seemed, and was afterwards to prove for me, the most romantic and exciting of pursuits — the publication of books.

From that time until the outbreak of war last year, I have crossed the Atlantic regularly, on occasion as often as three times a year, in quest of American authors whom I might introduce to the British public, and at the same time arranging for the publication of British authors in the States. Since war broke out I have had to satisfy my nostalgia for America by means of a wide correspondence and by reading every American book I can procure. I imagine that many Americans who love this country and have been in the habit of visiting us regularly, will find equal solace in our books, so that British authors and American publishers will fill a doubly important role until the happy days when travel can be resumed.

IMMEDIATELY after the last war, although many important American publishers paid at least two visits a year to England, only a few British publishers returned the compliment by visiting the United States. The reason was evident. British authors had far greater success in America than American authors in this country. Within ten years the scales had tipped the other way, and recently more American books have been appearing on our best-seller lists than British books on yours. This I regard as a happy omen, for, as a nation, you know far more about us, our history, our geography, and our idiosyncrasies than we know about you. Until recently the Briton who had travelled in America for pleasure was comparatively rare and English ignorance of American history formed the subject of a lengthy correspondence in *The Times* only two years ago.

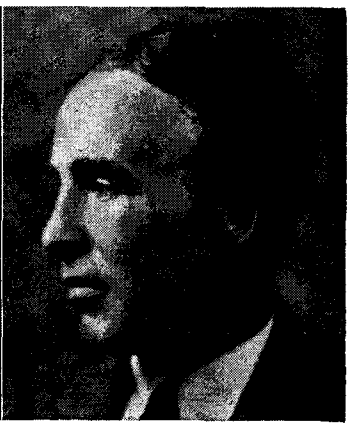
But now there is hardly an aspect of American life that we don't know, from the days of the covered wagons to those of last night's success on Broadway. For one thing, the films have done immense service by showing us the *face* of America. But the pictorial backgrounds have been peopled by all your leading novelists with characters whom we can regard as friends. They are innumerable. I can speak of only a few. There have been Edna Ferber's portraits of pioneers, which are kinder but not less excellent than her etchings of modern types. There have been Dreiser's studies of later men and women, pressed as so many of our people have been into urban moulds and harassed by the increasing complexities of life. We have learnt from Sinclair Lewis's rich mimicries of those who might

Eugene O'Neill

Negley Farson

Nickolas Muray

Edna Ferber



Pinchot

Archibald MacLeish

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well be our own neighbors, and from Willa Cather's beautifully reflective surveys of youth and maturity in the quickly growing civilization of the New World. We have admired the power of Louis Bromfield, the fine quality of Thornton Wilder, the brilliance of Ernest Hemingway. And in the very latest years, we have had those explorations of American history—both past history and history that is now in the making—by Kenneth Roberts, Margaret Mitchell, Hervey Allen, Negley Farson, and John Steinbeck. These writers have done their country and the cause of Anglo-American friendship inestimable service by setting down so vividly the truth about their own people. They have made America so vital a reality that we can live in it through the din of bombs and anti-aircraft guns.

Nor are the novelists the only men and women who have helped in this work. Few British philosophers have affected thought more deeply in this country than George Santayana. The historical studies of James Truslow Adams; the poetry of Robert Frost, of Vachel Lindsay, of Edna St. Vincent Millay, and of Archibald MacLeish, have all made their direct appeal to British sympathy and enabled us to feel our kinship with a sister nation of like ideals, conflicts, and determination. We have seen America in the dramas of Eugene O'Neill, Elmer Rice, and Robert Sherwood. And last but not least—because we love those with whom we laugh—we have responded to the wits of the United States, to Dorothy Parker, James Thurber, Damon Runyon. Runyon's phrases are now a part of British English, just as they are a part of American English. These wits strike sparks here as they do in their own country.

PERHAPS the finest service to the common cause against German aggression has been rendered by the free-lance journalists like John Gunther, Vincent Sheean, Walter Duranty, H. R. Knickerbocker, Edgar Mowrer, and Virginia Cowles, who have had the courage to tell the truth about European affairs in vivid and exciting stories, often at great personal risk. All have been read with deep admiration in this country. And, of course, Miss Dorothy Thompson's fame has been increasing rapidly during the past year, culminating in a wave of enthusiasm over her Canadian broadcast about Winston Churchill and Hitler. As an English reviewer of her book, "Let the Record Speak," wrote, "one would like to be present at a meeting between Herr Hitler and Miss Dorothy Thompson." It is a happy thought.

In the past, English visitors have sometimes transgressed by writing in an offensive and condescending way about your country. These writers have been amply repaid by books, written in the last few years, in which American authors have said that Great Britain is always trying to get America to pull her chestnuts out of the fire, that we are a decadent nation anyway, and that the collapse of the British Empire is imminent. Most of these books appeared before war broke out and the authors may already be regretting their work now that it is becoming increasingly obvious that ours is a common cause and that we are not going to fail you. All the same, these books, freely circulated here, in contrast to totalitarian methods, did cause some resentment, and it was felt that they were gratuitous attacks from irresponsible people, with little knowledge of the facts. But I want to say that at no time have the British resented the most caustic criticism of their ways, their manners, their supposed complacency, or their shortcomings in local, national, and imperial government. When this criticism has been witty, as it was in Margaret Halsey's "With Malice toward Some," it has enjoyed immense success.

Incidentally, I have been living in a Royal Air Force mess for some months now and you may be interested to know that a great many American books are read by the pilots in their leisure hours. You have been, and are being, wonderfully generous with contributions towards our physical welfare. I think that your writers also will be happy to feel that they are contributing towards the mental relaxation of the service which is doing so much for both our countries.

A few words about publishing during the *Blitzkrieg* on London. My remarks apply to every business in the Metropolis, but I can only speak of the one I have seen, for I occasionally have a day's leave and go to see how my office is getting along in my absence. During the first few days of indiscriminate bombing, conditions were pretty unpleasant. Commuting was an adventure which might make an hour's journey take three hours and get you into London from the opposite side. The day's work, or what was left of it, was continually interrupted by raid warnings during which only emergency telephone calls could be made. Delivery of review copies and filling of orders were complicated by the unpredictable roping off of accustomed routes. And above all this inconvenience, hung the shadow of death, which might fall on you in the street, in the friendly bus, in a restaurant, anywhere at all.

IN a short time, however, things settled down to something approaching routine. Commuting was still uncertain, but no one paid any more attention to the sirens and telephone restrictions were removed. Time bombs and fires were more speedily dealt with and traffic resumed its normal routes. Now, apart from a shorter day's work enabling people to get home before dark, and some railroad delays, things are going well, and books are in greater demand than ever. Not just escapist literature and books which, to quote Rose Macaulay, are "designed to kill time for those who like it dead," but serious historical works, biographies, and political surveys are being widely read. Bookshops may have had to be evacuated on account of bombs in the basement — a common complaint these days. Publishers may have lost large quantities of sheet and bound stock when warehouses have been destroyed, presumably a tribute to the book as a weapon of war. All have the uncomfortable feeling that the hard work of many years may be ruined overnight by the whim of some German pilot who may press a button at this second or at that. But there is no complaining.

I referred earlier to the important role of British authors and American publishers in these times. Judging by what I have seen of the literature of the first year of the war, you need not fear any lowering of standards through preoccupation with the painful subject that is uppermost in all our minds. As fine creative work is being produced here today as it ever was in peace time. This is an extraordinary achievement if you stop to think of the conditions in which the work is being done. But however great their trials and tribulations, British authors will have the satisfaction of knowing that they can still write as they please, uncensored and unbanned, and that there may soon be only two places in the world where that is possible—America and the British Empire.

May I say au revoir to my second home?

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A Fictionalized Genghis Kahn

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S. By Taylor Caldwell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. 550 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

FROM the munition makers and jackals of war who were the subject of her earlier novels Taylor Caldwell has gone back seven centuries in time and half across the world to write of war from another angle, that of the lust of conquest as seen in its chief exemplar, Genghis Khan. Out of the scanty materials available she has tried to recreate the character of the petty Mongol prince whose genius for organization and leadership launched the nomads of the steppes on the career which overturned two ancient civilizations and carried terror and destruction from the Japan Sea to the Baltic and the Persian Gulf. She is concerned only with the first step of that career. Her book begins with the birth of Temujin, the son of a petty prince of a poor tribe of Gobi shepherds, and ends with his first great victory, the overthrow of the Karait Turks, and his election as emperor of the nomads, just where his figure emerges from legend into history.

The subject must have seemed tempting enough to obscure its appalling difficulty. All we really know of Genghis Khan's early years is a romantic, chivalrous tale of desperate adventure, embroidered by the imagination of Persian chroniclers, and the dry fact of the organization of desert caravan routes set down by Chinese annalists. To make a plausible reconstruction even of the objective facts would tax to the utmost the resources and imagination of a first-rate novelist who gave years to the task. To add to that reconstruction an intelligible psychology—in other words to make these people interesting and acceptable as people—which is what a novelist has to do—is probably impossible. The historical novel is most successful when it deals with people and events not beyond the reach of the ordinary imagination; with our grandfather's generation as in "War and Peace," or with a generation farther off in time which may be imagined as thinking in ways not too unlike our own, as in "Marius the Epicurean." Thirteenth century Mongols are too remote. How the dark minds of nomadic savages may respond to the flicker of civilized ideas from beyond their borders is something we imagine only with difficulty at best; when the civilization that enlightens them is also completely alien to us, the difficulty becomes insuperable. That difficulty alone would defeat this book. Its characters behave sometimes like romantic orientals of "Lalla Rookh" or "The Corsair," sometimes like Sioux Indians, sometimes like Nazi politicians; they talk sometimes like Hollywood Mystics, sometimes like lecturers at the New School for Social Research.

There is, however, a strenuous effort at reality. Taylor Caldwell is a writer of impressive powers. Parts of her tale really seem to recreate the bleak desert of Gobi and the corrupt luxury of the trader cities, and had she been willing simply to narrate the adventures of a hero of romance, she might have produced a vigorous and stirring tale. But, as it does not need her coy prefatory denial to point out, she is really interested in the psychology of more modern conquerors. She wants to use the Mongols, the Buddhists, the Nestorian Christians as the themes for an allegory about war and peace and a commentary on current events. Now, it is quite true that there are analogies between the tactics of the Nazis and those of the Mongols, and quite reasonable that there should be. But the Nazi analogy is the product of conscious imitation; there is no real analogy between the expansion of the wild nomads of the steppes, and the disease of civilized despair which is destroying the German people, and nothing to be gained by trying to talk about the one in terms of the other. As an allegory of our present troubles, all Taylor Caldwell's book succeeds in saying is that peace is better than war, which may be true and important without being original or helpful.

Painting from "The Earth Is the Lord's."

FSA—Rothstein, from "My Country 'Tis of Thee."
Sharecropper's Daughter

Tobacco Road After Ten Years

TOBACCO ROAD. By Erskine Caldwell. Illustrated by David Fredenthal. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1940. 281 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

TEN years has not made any change in Mr. Caldwell's book. Even the illustrations of Mr. Fredenthal, though sometimes powerful, seem at their best only second-hand reflections of the vitality which Caldwell put ten years ago into his story of the American lower depths. Even Mr. Caldwell's new foreword is the recital of a memory of the book's beginning in his mind. It was the memory of people waiting for cotton on land so worn that never enough cotton grew from it to feed them. That was more than ten years ago. And they are still sitting there. As a matter of fact there are more of them now.

The book, of course, is reprinted as a work of art which has had at least 100,000 readers as a book, and God knows how many people in its audiences as a play. But Mr. Caldwell went out of fiction to remember and I wish he had written his note now from a new seeing on that same Georgia road and not from Darien, Connecticut. The drama in this reprinting for me is the ten-year change, if any change, on "Tobacco Road." His book in a sense was the first and home chapter of the story which Steinbeck continued in "The Grapes of Wrath." It may not be literary criticism to say so, but "Tobacco Road" is still there except as the young people move to make tough drama beyond cotton-land in California, Michigan, and New York. It may be a tribute to the novel's vitality as art, it may be a sign for despair under all our humanitarian programs, but in the back-country south of eroded lands and eroded people, "Tobacco Road" seems almost as new and true now as it was a whole decade of humanitarianism ago.

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LITERATURE FROM ABOVE

I WAS in an airplane above the autumn fields of Indiana and Ohio in forenoon sunshine. I had been watching the shadow of the plane following us across that wonderful harvest pattern where the zigzag rail fences look from above like most delicate featherstitch. Somewhere in almost every field was a spot of yellow, a truck loaded with corn. Then the plane changed its course and our shadow was on the left side where my scientific companion sat. At once he pointed out something I had not noticed. He called it a *corona*. The moving shadow of the plane was surrounded by a dazzle of light, not unlike the effect we see during an eclipse. But this dazzle was not uniform; it seemed more brilliant at the nose of the plane and just behind the wings—at those places where the motion through the air was creating a momentary and partial vacuum. We decided, in our lofty mood, that this phenomenon might well be due to the rays of the sun passing through this special thinness of air.

However the physicist may expound it, this observation offers to me a true analogy of the artistic process. Any kind of artist (and please remember the reader may be an artist as well as the writer) tries to create around his mind a little vacuum or area of pure emptiness in which he may create. This is a feeling both uncomfortable and anxious. The nature of the mind abhors it, and yet knows its value. The greatest advance mankind has made in locomotion was when it learned to create a vacuum in front of the moving object instead of behind it so that speed is solicited from forward and not retarded from behind. In language communication, which is all that concerns us here, a similar behavior may be suspected. And when the individual mind surrounds itself with a little hollow of apprehension, the sunlight of intelligence passing through that refinement shows extraordinary refraction and dazzle.

Speaking of airplanes, a few years ago one of the aviation lines used an advertising folder which showed a cross section of the pilot's head with a little gyroscope inside his skull. This was presumably to acquaint the innocent passengers with the extraordinary properties of the gyrostabilizer and gyrocompass, which I do not pretend to understand. Probably a good many customers actually believed that an aeronaut must have something of that kind inside his head, and were dismayed. But again the symbolism is accurate in the dimension of art. Every fine imagination has so rapid a rotation of its own that it can (and must) withstand and contradict the gross drag of earth's gravity. The behavior of the gyroscope which we could scarcely believe when we saw it as childhood toys is the behavior of the individual mind when given a fast-enough spin. Teachers undertake the severe drudgery of instruction in the hope of somewhere, sometime, moving a young mind into centrifugal power of its own.

C. M.

Decembers

By Ben Ray Redman

HERE, in this December, the sun is hot on the roses,
The sun is hot on the ivy: bee's shadow
And humming-bird's shadow are teasing the grass:
The olive is green, the live oak is greener,
Palm leaves are crackling like quivering fans
In airs that were warmed by the desert
Before they fumbled at mountains
And slipped through the pass.

Stark bones of trees,
Iron-cold against banked snow—
Do you remember?
Partridge tracks, dainty
And safe out of season:
The branches weighed low,
Still beyond reason;
Then, roughed by the wind,
Shaking and breaking:
Do you remember
What it was like —
There, in December?

Here, in the patio, the snail's slow track stains the adobe;
Chairs shift to follow the sun, until setting:
Firs shadow ferns, poinsettias flame:
The day-making hours and the month-making days
Fade into seasons that merge and dissolve
In a dreaming, opiate sequence,
Holding us coddled and nerveless—
Forever the same.

Steel scoring ice
With blades that bite and sing—
Do you remember
Mackinaw, mittens,
And stiff-frozen laces:
The fire-hugging ring,
Flame-dappled faces,
Eyes catching the glow,
Living and giving:
Do you remember
What it was like —
There, in December?

Here—even here—I remember.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

For a New Reprint Series

SIR:—The Back Seat Driver's suggestions [*SRL,* Dec. 7] brings to my mind something I have thought about for some time, but especially since the appearance of Van Wyck Brooks's books on New England's literary history, for a new series of reprints doing for American literature what the World's Classics have done for literature in general—the making available at a modest price attractive books of the past which are not often easily had. The reading of Parrington and Brooks arouses one's interest in many such. It may be Celia Thaxter on the Isles of Shoals or any early volume of William Gilmore Sims or John P. Kennedy.

F. D. O'CONNOR.

Portland, Maine.

Essandess to the Rescue

SIR:—The editor of "A Treasury of the World's Great Letters" has not the ability, nor the desire to keep up with the Howard Mumford Joneses, and is therefore refraining from replying to the recent review [*SRL,* Dec. 21]. But the publisher is under no such inhibition, and in defense of one of his favorite publications merely wishes to observe that the anthology was definitely edited "with a clearly ascertainable governing principle." That principle is set forth in full in the introduction to the book itself as well as on the jacket description. Briefly, the aim of the volume was to present—as only intimate correspondence can—the letters which in the editor's opinion shed light on some of the great events, the great ideas, and the great men and women of history.

As for the letters of Cicero, Charles Lamb, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Horace Walpole, Madame de La Fayette, Jane Carlyle, Flaubert, Dorothy Osborne, *et al.,* the editor explicitly stated why they were left out of this particular anthology. They simply did not qualify under the standard stated above.

Letters of this type will be included in a second or companion volume, when, as, and if issued.

RICHARD L. SCHUSTER.

New York, N. Y.

Of Geological Necessity

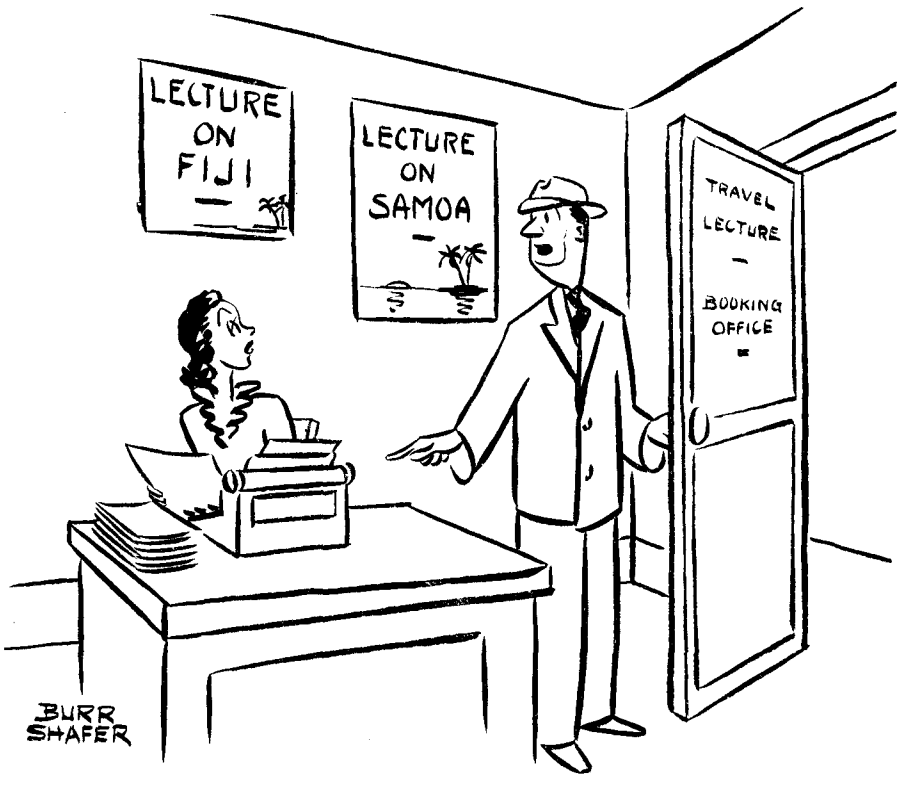
SIR:—A number of implications are imbedded in "I Chose Denmark" by Francis Hackett which your reviewer [*SRL,* Dec. 21] did not touch upon. After abandoning their desire for conquest, the Danes in the nineteenth century wisely decided to make the best of the resources that lay within their boundaries. Evidently the people there understood that Denmark could never be a great power in the modern industrial world because geologically it lacks two basic materials—coal and iron. Like the Icelanders, the Danes cannot expect ever to be rich and powerful, since they have not the essential resources to draw upon.

What has kept other nations in Europe, even more favored in soil and climate than Denmark, from building a national economy and culture that would "give the monkey in man a chance to be human?" If Denmark could do it, why not Britain, Germany, France, and others? Is it the virtue of necessity that explains the "healthy psyche" of Denmark, and thus demonstrates the moral value of relative poverty?

One wonders if the natural wealth of more favored locations on the earth's surface accounts for the ambition of certain nations to be world-wide imperial conquerors. Perhaps the question of geographical position and mineral wealth has not been given enough consideration by professional authors in writing about the culture of nations.

H. C. DEKKER.

Portland, Oregon.



"And now, regretfully, I must say adieu, but as I drift into the fading sunset, my heart is lightened by the knowledge that someday, somehow, I will return—and talk your boss into a job as lecturer."

Information, Please

SIR:—I am gathering material for a biography of Samuel Adams Hammett, a native of Connecticut, who moved to Texas in the 1840's. Returning to New York in the 1850's, he described his adventures in two or three books, the best known of which is "A Stray Yankee in Texas," written under the pseudonym Philip Paxton. He also, upon occasions, used the pen name of Sam Slick. He is briefly sketched in *DAB,* VIII, 201.

I shall be grateful to anyone who will supply me with any information concerning Hammett—letters, diaries, anecdotes, family history, etc.

WILLIAM STANLEY HOOLE,
Librarian.

North Texas State Teachers Col.
Denton, Texas.

"Literature in the South"

SIR:—May I call attention to two misstatements of fact in Mr. W. J. Cash's essay, "Literature and the South"? He says that I was once an editor of "The American Review": I never had that honor. I once edited for that journal a special poetry supplement; but that is all. My statement on the relative merits of communism and fascism appeared in "The New Republic," not "The Nation." I feel honored to be mentioned so frequently by Mr. Cash, but I should feel more comfortable if there were evidence that he had read me.

ALLEN TATE.

Princeton, N. J.

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Fifth Column, Three Sides

FIFTH COLUMN IN AMERICA. By Harold Lavine. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 240 *pp.* $2.50.

THE FIFTH COLUMN IS HERE. By George Britt. New York: Wilfred Funk, Inc. 1940. 124 *pp.* $1.

THE TROJAN HORSE IN AMERICA. A Report to the Nation. By Martin Dies. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1940. 366 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS

IF the subject isn't all played out by now, George V. Denny, the keen, energetic moderator of the Town Hall of the Air, will be missing a good bet if he doesn't get the authors of these three books together in a forum on "The Fifth Column in America."

It would be a good program and a lot of fun—fun, that is, if your taste runs to forensic fireworks—because no two of them seem to agree on just what a fifth column is. Each of them is regarded, to a greater or lesser extent, as an expert on the subject, yet each of them goes marching off in a different direction in an attempt to cover the same ground. Mr. Lavine's emphasis is on the would-be dictators as personalities; Mr. Dies is concerned almost entirely with the menace of communism; Mr. Britt devotes most of his book to the menace of Nazi and Fascist propagandist and sabotage activities.

One might suspect from this division of emphasis that the best thing to do would be to combine all three books into one in an effort to cover the subject adequately. But even this wouldn't work, because in addition to a difference in emphasis there is a difference in opinion. In Mr. Lavine's case, at least, this difference is pretty plainly put. He says that Mr. Britt's statements concerning the fifth column (Mr. Britt's book grew out of a newspaper series) show him to be "an optimist in the most pregnant sense of the word" who may also have "studied the palms of Dr. Gallup's cross-section." About Martin Dies, Mr. Lavine is similarly critical. While civil liberties were being flouted by real fifth columnists, Mr. Dies was busily occupied, says Mr. Lavine, "proving that housewives who try to get the most for their money are communists."

The diversified nature of these books, all of them apparently dealing with the same subject, indicates that the national vocabulary has been enriched or encumbered, as you please, with a term—the fifth column—which is a fit partner for a number of other loosely-defined words whose usage has been more epithetical than accurate. Not so long ago it was customary in certain circles to label as "Reds" or "Bolshies" anyone who believed that labor had a right to organize; just as the terms "red-baiter" or "reactionary" were frequently applied indiscriminately to anyone who criticized, however honestly, any activity of the Communist Party. As a term, "fifth columnist," if anything, is far more all-embracing than any epithet or term yet developed. Judging from these three books, it would include a fairly broad panorama, of which many of the landmarks on the left would be pointed out by Mr. Dies, and many of those on the right by Mr. Britt and Mr. Lavine.

This is not said by way of disparaging or belittling the threat to America from within. The threat is present and it is real—perhaps more real than most of us are aware. But part of the danger, at least, comes from a lack of precise knowledge as to what the threat actually is and the correct identity of its component parts. As Carl Hambro pointed out in "I Saw It Happen in Norway," a typical fifth-column technique is to draw attention away from itself by spreading fifth column stories about other groups, and even by exaggerating fifth-column strength in order to spread fear and defeatism among the people.

The easiest way to help a real fifth column in this country is to go all-out on a witch-hunting extravaganza which is certain to corner a lot of small-fry and a far greater number of innocents, while the real leadership, which is certainly clever enough to cover up its tracks, can remain free of the net and exploit the general insecurity and chaos to its own advantage by seeking through various means to prove that the country is more divided than is the actual case. This does not mean that nothing should or can be done; it means that whatever action is taken should be done on the basis of intelligent, careful thought and in competent, authorized hands, and not on the basis of those misguided-action twins, hearsay and hysteria.

Martin Dies

It is interesting and even curious to observe the divergent identities of fifth columnists discussed in these three books. Mr. Lavine, editorial director of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis, provides an illuminating and frequently entertaining discussion of many of the would-be American dictators and the movements with which they are affiliated. A former newspaperman, Mr. Lavine does not permit his story to excite him to the point where he might lose his perspective and sense of humor, both of which are amply evident in this book. It is perhaps unusual to comment in lavish terms about the writing in a factual non-fiction book of this nature, but Mr. Lavine's skill and polish and ability to turn a clever phrase are certain to be noted with great satisfaction by his readers. He takes his subject seriously, certainly, but he recognizes the value of ridicule in dealing with dangerous but none-the-less ludicrous figures among the professed Fuehrers. He describes Major General Van Horn Mosely, "white hope of American Fascists," as an eccentric ex-military man who doesn't like particularly to be supported by out-and-out Fascists and would have "swapped their enthusiasm for two or three kind words from William Randolph Hearst. Perhaps he wanted to become the General Hugh S. Johnson of Mr. Hearst's King Features." And so on down the list, a list that includes Father Coughlin, George Christians, George Deatherage, Joseph McWilliams, William Dudley Pelley, "Count" Vonsiatsky, Fritz Kuhn, and Henry D. Allen. The Communist Party receives a full, meaty chapter but Earl Browder gets off without the full-color, full-length portrait that Mr. Lavine has so deftly painted for the others.

Concerning many of the people in the fifth column movements, Mr. Lavine says:

> They are neither spies nor traitors; superficially, at least, they are plain Americans exercising their inalienable right to freedom of speech in order to effect changes in our form of government. No law curtails their activities or their propaganda. Any law that did would itself serve to destroy our democracy. Yet they menace our nation as spies and traitors never could. They do

(*Continued on page* 18)

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Add Canterbury Tales

THE SOVIET POWER. By Hewlett Johnson. New York: Modern Age Books. 1940. 352 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLIN

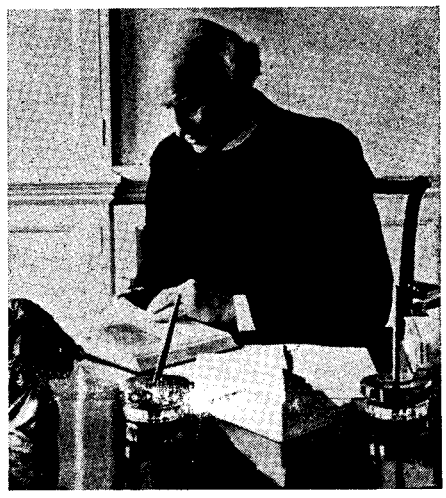
THIS is a shining example of the Rollo Book school of writing about Soviet Russia which rather went into decline after Stalin's pact with Hitler and the Soviet invasion of Finland. Neither of these events seems to have had any effect in shaking the worthy Dean of Canterbury's conviction that all is for the best in the Stalinite world. He prides himself on being an anti-fascist and a champion of the rights of small nations. He is very severe in his condemnation of Great Britain and France for not fighting fascism and aggression from China to Spain.

But he indulges in some amazing contortions both of reason and of historical fact in order to try to justify what was surely the most disastrous and far-reaching of all experiments in "appeasement": the pact which Stalin concluded with Hitler just at the time when Great Britain and France were about to enter the war. And he racks his brain to find excuses for the brutal and unprovoked Soviet attack on one of the most civilized of Europe's small nations and censures England and France for giving some very limited and inadequate aid to Finland.

Without cracking a smile the Dean assures his readers that the Soviet Union "stands for democracy, peace and the right of nations to self-determination." The quality of its "democracy" may be measured by the indisputable facts that no voice critical of Stalin or any of his policies has ever been raised publicly anywhere in the Soviet Union, either in the press or in the hand-picked Congress of Soviets. Even by Tsarist standards, which the Dean, without knowing much about the subject, occasionally mentions as an excuse for any imperfections in the Soviet Union, the Soviet record is a sorry one. There were Bolsheviks and other members of the opposition in the Czar's Duma and there was a critical non-official press in Russia before the Revolution. The Soviet contribution to peace was to take the secondary share, after Nazi Germany, of responsibility for the second World War. Finland, Latvia, Esthonia, Lithuania, Ukrainia, and Georgia, along with other non-Russian parts of Stalin's empire, could bear eloquent witness to the Soviet respect for "self-determination."

But there is a still funnier sentence in the Dean's apologia for the realm of Stalin. "Nothing strikes the visitor to the Soviet Union more forcibly than the absence of fear." Having lived in the Soviet Union some twelve years I had to rub my eyes when I read that amazing sentence, which appears on Page 187. I think most residents of the Soviet Union would agree with me that nothing is so characteristic of the country as universal, paralyzing, abject fear, the natural and inevitable consequence of a system that numbers its recorded executions in thousands, its arrests and banishments in hundreds of thousands.

The whole impression of the book is that of a work written in a complete factual vacuum, a Utopia projected in the author's mind and then forcibly planted in the Soviet Union. Although the Dean says he has visited Russia one searches the book in vain for an authentic descriptive episode of Russian life. The bright Rollo Book coöperative paradise sketched by the Dean bears no more resemblance to the fear and purge-haunted, poverty-stricken Asiatic despotism which has grown up under Stalin's personal dictatorship that the Beatitudes would bear to "Mein Kampf." It is no exaggeration to say that one learns nothing of any reliability or value about the Soviet Union from this book. But one learns much about the effect of propaganda on a gullible and credulous mind.



Hewlett Johnson

Political Schizophrenia

GERMANY, JEKYLL AND HYDE. By Sebastian Haffner. Translated from the German by Wilfrid David, New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1941. 318 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

EVERYTHING Sebastian Haffner —apparently a pseudonym—says shows him a master of psychological analysis and an excellent expert of the special psychology of the German masses. He writes with vigor, passion, and originality. His voice should be widely heard.

He states that England did not understand her great opportunity: "Germany entered the war as a thoroughly disunited nation." He proposes that England should now so formulate her war aims that there would be an impetus to the German people to rebellion.

To clarify his points Haffner analyzes, in the first six chapters of his brilliantly-written study, Hitler's personal psychology: "The only idea behind Hitler is Hitler." Then he offers a fascinating analysis of the Nazi elite and the devilish nihilism of the average Nazi mind; and discusses the psychology of the German masses. "Nazism is no ideology, but a magic formula which attracts a definite type of man. To be a Nazi means to be a definite type of human being." Therefore Hitler, who, neither in his appearance nor in his habits is typically German, and the Nazis are one face of Germany. The other face is not visible today, but will appear as soon as this war is over. There is no peace with a movement which is the exterminator of the German spirit for the sake of the German Reich.

Haffner demands as immediate war aim not the destruction of the German Reich but a "constructive solution." The German Reich, which has become the cancer of Europe "must disappear, and the last seventy-five years of German history must be erased. The Germans must retrace their steps to the point where they took the wrong path—to the year 1866. No peace is conceivable with the Prussian Reich which was born at that time and whose last logical expression is no other than Nazi Germany." Eight German states must replace the Reich as the political form of the Germans: Austria, Bavaria, Wuertemberg, Baden, Lower Saxony, Saxonia-Thuringia, and Prussia.

Haffner's startling ideas, most of them convincing, cannot be easily brushed aside. He believes that his solution is not only necessary but possible. As practical steps he demands a constructive policy towards the German émigrés, and the setting-up of organizations which would govern the new German states.

I hope Haffner's exciting and significant book finds as many readers here as it did in England.

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How Rome Lived

DAILY LIFE IN ANCIENT ROME. By Jérôme Carcopino. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1940. 342 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by GILBERT HIGHET

WHAT was it like to be a Roman? to be an ordinary citizen of that huge, rich, heartless city, so cruel that the simple faith of the early Church—far from hoping that it might be converted—prayed for its total destruction, and so magnificent that it has remained the spiritual metropolis of the western world, which vainly tries to emulate its unchallenged power and its unbridled luxury? Nero and Seneca and Juvenal were not ordinary citizens, although Juvenal came nearer being "the man in the street" than most poets. What then was the life of the ordinary citizen?

M. Jérôme Carcopino has undertaken to answer that question in his "Daily Life in Ancient Rome"—which, when I first read it, was an ill-printed, ill-bound French pocket edition, and which E. O. Lorimer and Professor Henry Rowell, as translator and editor, have now converted into a sumptuous work of scholarship, with good illustrations and far richer index and notes. It contains some queer errors and misprints; still, it is an interesting and valuable handbook to that strangely distant, strangely modern city. It begins with archaeology. It tells us what kind of house and furniture the Roman had, what kind of streets and traffic he walked among, and what public places he loitered in. I believe that it greatly exaggerates the discomfort of the small unheated apartments, with shutters but no window-glass, in which M. Carcopino implies the Romans spent their lives. The *insulae* were certainly uncomfortable—cold in winter, as nearly every house in Italy still is, and cramped at all times. But the Romans didn't live in them. To this day the Mediterranean folk avoid the discomfort of their homes by going to the café and the Cercle; the Romans had far more comfortable resorts, and spent almost the entire day in them.

In the morning, the workers were at work in shop or factory; the middle and upper classes were in some splendid forum, doing business or gossiping or following a patron through the long shady colonnades. In the afternoon practically everyone, workers included, was in the vast and luxurious public baths—first exercising or gossiping again, and then slowly enjoying the various stages of what has come down to us through Byzantium and Turkey as a Turkish bath. Every second or third day, there were magnificent public games and festivals. In the evening, people supped and went straight to bed. With that leisurely, southern, open-air routine, the discomforts of the Roman home cannot have been nearly as important as they sound; and we ourselves would more easily bear the agonies of life in New York apartments if the circumambient city were less strenuous and more luxurious. Aldous Huxley has a good essay on public places, in which he remarks that the Radio City Music Hall of today corresponds to the superb Jesuit cathedrals of the baroque age, as a Superplace in which man can feel himself a Superbeing. We have only one such Place; but the Romans had a multitude of splendid baths, and for them—as baths and clubs and parks and libraries combined—they left their poor lodgings.

The rest of the book examines the great social patterns—education, the family, slavery, etc.—and then with equal perception re-creates the Roman's daily routine, so much more haphazard and human than our own. Here again I think M. Carcopino is misled by the satirists to exaggerate the oddity of that routine. For instance, he quotes Petronius's fantastic "Dinner of Trimalchio" as evidence of what might well happen among the rich. But Trimalchio was a satirist's nightmare, more grotesque than even Diamond Jim Brady, who actually existed. Brady gave Lillian Russell a gold-plated bicycle, with wheels set with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. But it would be wholly unsafe to generalize from that about the attitude of rich Americans to sport; and that is the kind of thing M. Carcopino does. Fat, noisy, vulgar figures like Trimalchio, even when real, distort the pattern of society. That is why satirists invent them or distort them.

But this sounds ungracious. Despite occasional disagreements, I liked M. Carcopino's book; I know it is valuable; I am sure it will be read, and—what is rarer with learned books—enjoyed.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 354)

HUMBERT WOLFE

STINGS AND WINGS

But, though like any circus clown,
he rises up to tumble down,
the folded wings lie snug beneath
that furry elongated sheath.
. . . . . When one of us
seems perfectly ridiculous,
. . . . . .
are there, I wonder, butterflies
waiting behind his puzzled eyes?

("The Caterpillar")

Our Debt to Mr. M.

MONTESQUIEU IN AMERICA, 1760-1801. By Paul M. Spurlin. University, Louisiana: Louisiana State University Press. 1940. 302 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

IN an introductory series of quotations from American political writers, Mr. Spurlin shows that the size of the part played by Montesquieu in early American political science has long been the source of "allegations and denials, of debate and speculation," and his book is an answer to the question whether or not the founders of our republic were deeply indebted—or, indeed, indebted at all—to the author of the "Spirit of Laws." Mr. Spurlin says the answer may be found in "the degree of acquaintance of the early Americans with Montesquieu."

With overwhelming recourse to footnotes Mr. Spurlin tells us as best he can in what numbers copies of Montesquieu's works were to be found in public and private libraries, gives us some idea of the frequency with which Montesquieu's name appeared in American books, newspapers, pamphlets, and public documents of the period, and presents quotations concerning or mentioning Montesquieu from the writings and utterances of politically and intellectually prominent Americans. His conclusion is that "By the opening of the Constitutional Convention in 1787, the "Spirit of Laws" had become an "American" classic . . . And in the debates on the new constitution . . . Montesquieu's treatise was used as a handbook of political information."

In its "original form" this study was presented as a doctoral dissertation in the Johns Hopkins University, and although it has since undergone revisions and received additions it is still all too characteristic of the average thesis in form and style. One quotation follows another with little attempt of arrangement or interpretation. The Characters of individuals mentioned are never for an instant considered: men are not men in this book, but mere names. In a certain sense the entire book gives the impression of being one long footnote—the actual footnotes and their offshoots being rather like the "smaller fleas to bite 'em and so *ad infinitum*" of the jingle. No one can doubt Mr. Spurlin's accuracy or his laboriousness, but the subject and the period are so interesting that one regrets that he has not made more of his book, particularly on the interpretive and human sides.

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Three Dominant Questions

REASON, SOCIAL MYTHS AND DEMOCRACY. By Sidney Hook. New York: John Day Co. 1940. 302 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by JACQUES BARZUN

READERS of Mr. Sidney Hook's articles in the periodical press have long appreciated the strength and precision of his mind. In the present collection of twelve major essays, one's sense of these qualities is heightened by the skill with which the author introduces and welds together his main contentions. In transparent prose that is often witty as well, Mr. Hook gives us a continuous body of informed and critical thought upon the three dominant questions of our times: reason, social myths, and democracy.

The book opens with a brief discussion of method in the social sciences and then applies it to the relevant opinions of men like Marx, Pareto, Mosca, Maritain, Thurman Arnold, Max Lerner, J. B. S. Haldane, and John Dewey. The last named is of course Mr. Hook's choice among social philosophers; it is as a scientific instrumentalist that Mr. Hook writes, weighs, and condemns. In this guise, his most impressive analysis is the one he performs on Marx and Engels, from whom he salvages only a goal—socialism; and a method—scientific research into social fact.

No one can fail to be enlightened and even moved by Mr. Hook's mastery over his own forces and his fair play in battling against others. And as a modest student of Jamesian thought, I should be the first to applaud unreservedly at Mr. Hook's victories, if after reading him I were not left with the persistent doubt that there is one recurring flaw in his argument, one essential distinction that he fails to make. Like Dewey—and like Marx—our author puts his whole faith for the saving of democracy and reason in the use of scientific method. But scientific method means at least two things—possibly more. On the one hand, it means the moral and intellectual virtues of the ideal scientist; and on the other, it means the special assumptions of Matter and Mechanism which permit the exact measurement of effects. Even if these assumptions are becoming outmoded, they must be replaced by others of a like sort, at once abstract and partial. Now in the first sense, scientific method means simply "inclusive inquiry" whereas in the second it means inquiry by a special and admirable, though distorting, means.

In the first sense, no philosophical democrat or democratic philosopher can object to scientific method. But in the second sense—and it is the one in which most social scientists use it when they say that scientific method can be "extended" to the study of society—it seems to me that it has already proved its dangerous futility: the second half of the nineteenth century is a warning example. From this opinion we need not infer that a footloose idealism—much less any irrationalism—would serve us better. Reason, as Mr. Hook says, remains our best hope, but the use of reason in society, and even its formulation in books with such a use in view, remains an art and not a science.

Jacques Barzun, author of "Of Human Freedom," is on the faculty of Columbia University.

Sidney Hook

Comparative Economic Progress

THE CONDITIONS OF ECONOMIC PROGRESS. By Colin Clark. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 504 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GUENTER REIMANN

MR. CLARK'S book is unique and extremely interesting as a statistical, analytical survey and comparison of economic progress in various countries. An attempt has been made to measure the progress and distribution of national incomes. Such studies have been made before on a national basis but this is the first international study of "economic progress," of growth and distribution of national incomes, of investments, of "national capital," and of other factors which are indicative of "economic progress."

Ironically perhaps, the book appears while the second world war shatters the old foundation of world economy. This is a rather unfortunate coincidence for Mr. Clark. His book would have been more successful had it been published in time of peace. For his conclusions are based on statistical facts drawn from a peacetime economy.

Mr. Clark is an optimist. He believes in the absolute truth of figures which apparently show economic progress due to rise of money incomes and production. He complains about the British academic way of "continued preference for the theoretical rather than the scientific approach to economic problems. Not one in a hundred seems to understand that constitutes the scientific approach, namely the careful systematization of all observed facts, the framing of hypotheses from these facts, prediction of fresh conclusions on the basis of these hypotheses, and the testing of these conclusions against further observed facts."

The "scientific approach" is, however, not as easy as Mr. Clark assumes. The progress which the science of economic statistics undoubtedly has made during the last two decades has not always facilitated the recognition of "observed facts." Mr. Clark could not have made his interesting comparisons of national incomes, investments, etc., without accepting official and private estimates at least as almost truthful. But these estimates vary according to the basis of calculation: for instance, the "national capital" of a country may appear to be rising on account of a much greater production of "capital goods." But since "capital goods" include means of destruction as well as means of production, a nation whose income is apparently increasing may actually be getting poorer. Investments or "the national capital" may have increased merely because of a fall of the rate of interest, and this may have been affected by a regimentation of the capital market. Such mystifications easily arise if one looks only at "statistical facts."

Despite these limitations, Mr. Clark's new work is illuminating, and the economist will value it as a handbook about world economic developments, the growth of national incomes in various countries, and as a stimulus in his work.

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Press Policeman

YANKEE REPORTER. By S. Burton Heath. New York: Wilfred Funk, Inc. 1940. 361 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

MR. HEATH'S autobiography adds another to the long list of life-stories of newspaper men, without justifying itself as such. Its considerable merit lies in his characterizations of three prominent political personages, Dewey, La Guardia, and F. D. Roosevelt, on the basis of his close contacts with them, and his narration of the really extraordinary success he has had in revealing scandals and abuses of all kinds. For these sensational publications he justly received the Pulitzer Prize for useful and brilliant reporting and constructive, remedial suggestions. He is not only an incorruptible newshound, not to be lured from any scent he noses, but he is a first-class detective.

Mr. Heath differs, however, from many star reporters in that he also had prodigious diligence and the ability to dig and dig and dig, and analyze endless documents, statistics, letter-files, public records, private correspondence, until he finally emerged with the authenticated, laboriously pieced together material to convict a judge, or to expose a fraud, or to come to the rescue of hundreds of thousands, such as the industrial policy-holders in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Their situation was enormously improved by Mr. Heath's revelations. But his most sensational achievement was his "breaking" the news that Judge Manton, the highest judge in the United States service after the Supreme Court, was selling his decisions for cash or favors, and shamefully abusing his judicial office in a way to disgrace the lowest, rottenest police judge in any ring-ridden city. Many of the details as to Judge Manton's incredible actions confirm the justice of his conviction.

The adorer of Franklin Roosevelt will get no happiness out of Mr. Heath's narrative of the former's attitude as Governor toward his St. Lawrence Power project—still not even begun. It epitomizes the President's career as an administrator, for it reveals his readiness to embark upon a two-billion dollar enterprise, paralleling a similar amount of privately invested capital, without any idea as to where the money was to be found or what the scheme involved. During a hundred charming minutes, Mr. Heath failed to extract one fact from the Governor *after* he had launched his scheme. Although his plan was opposed by a commission of experts, he persisted in that plan and appointed to the succeeding permanent board, only men ready to do his bidding. Mr. Heath caustically points out that the St. Lawrence scheme bobbed up in the 1936 campaign only to disappear until 1940. When it then appeared in the news he says he knew at once that Roosevelt had decided for a third term! Mr. Heath proves anew how the President has always been ready to use Tammany crooks for his purposes.

S. Burton Heath

For Tom Dewey, the redoubtable District Attorney of New York City and ex-candidate for the White House, Mr. Heath has the same personal dislike as almost every one else who has worked for or with him. Dewey's selfishness, arrogance, and lack of humor, plus boundless egotism, bad manners, and readiness to misrepresent, do not win him many intimates and supporters. Yet, Mr. Heath thinks that Dewey has an exceptionally fine, capable mind, and "deep and sound foundations." He considers him "one of the brightest, ablest men who has sought the presidency in generations." He is convinced, however, that if he had been nominated and elected he "would have made a historic failure." Mr. Heath's analysis of Mayor La Guardia is equally searching and equally correct. But he thinks that there is no one in sight who is as colorful and appealing to take the Mayor's place in the City Hall and lays at Tammany's door the efforts to have President Roosevelt kick the Mayor upstairs into the Cabinet.

One fault of this volume is its sloppiness in style and expression. It sounds too much as if it had been pounded out on the typewriter between editions. Its author's extraordinary, perhaps unequalled, reportorial achievements deserve a better setting.

Song of the Negro

AMERICAN NEGRO SONGS. Edited by John W. Work. New York: Howell, Soskin, Inc. 1940. 259 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HEINZ NORDEN

JOHN W. WORK of the music department of Fisk University, spiritual home of the spiritual, has presented us with a splendid collection of the songs that have carried the musical fame of the American Negro all over the world. In addition to the many favorites, there are here assembled many less frequently heard items from the repertory of the Jubilee Singers. Inclusion of such powerful "crucifixion" spirituals as "Hammering" and "Calvary" is especially welcome at this time.

The songs are easy to play and simply arranged—sometimes too simply, one fears, for a good deal of the rhythm and "off-tone" of spiritual singing can be captured in skillful arrangement. Quite a few of the songs, unhappily, give no piano accompaniment, nor is there any guitar notation, despite the editor's rightful insistence on the importance of that instrument in Negro song.

In an able introduction Mr. Work presents a historical and musical survey of American Negro song, breaking a lance for the originality and non-imitativeness of the spiritual, and dealing with the retention of African influences. Unfortunately, the collection itself is nowhere nearly as broad as the introduction, which deals interestingly with the subject of the Blues, for instance, though no Blues songs seem to be included. All but some thirty of the 224 songs this reviewer was able to count (not 230, as the cover states) are spirituals, and the collection would have been more accurately labeled "American Negro Spirituals." It certainly cannot be considered "the most complete and authoritative book devoted to the folk songs of the American Negro in all its phases," as the jacket blurb claims. This, of course, in no way detracts from the excellence and scope of the material presented in the book.

There are two other minor flaws. The typographic excellence of the introduction contrasts sharply with the hand-lettering of the songs themselves, which is sometimes crude and hard to read and altogether unattractive. A song book ought to be easy to use.

But these are relatively small matters that do not seriously impair the value of this fine collection which deserves to find its way into every music-loving home.

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"Good Priest"

CARDINAL HAYES: ONE OF OURSELVES. By John Bernard Kelly. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 178 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

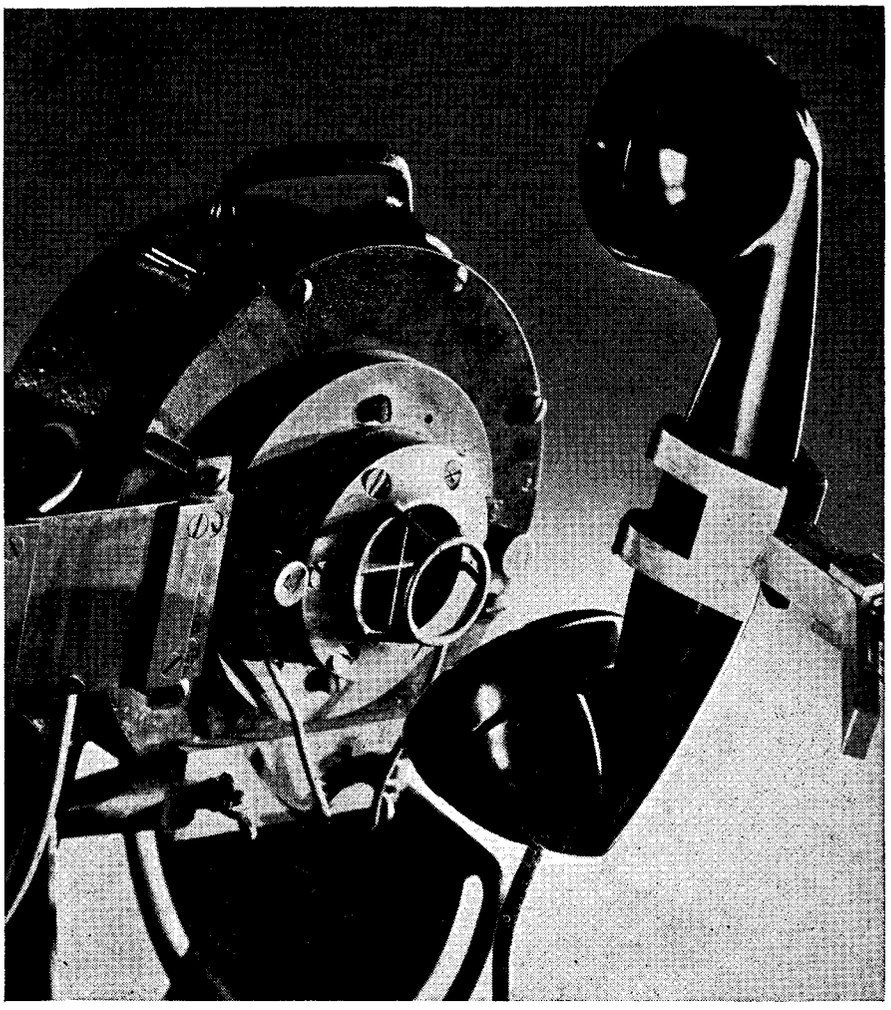
FATHER KELLY found in Patrick Cardinal Hayes a sincere and devoted friend. The present book records this friendship, which began in days when the deceased prelate was president of Cathedral College. It emphasizes the religious idealism which governed the life of one who, though a Prince of the Catholic Church, remained very simple and kindly. Many who knew him must have felt that he was what older times would have called a "good neighbor." This quality of character is well suggested by Father Kelly, who is less concerned with anecdotes of action than with traits of soul. We are asked to consider not what Cardinal Hayes did but who he was.

And yet he did a great deal. Born in a New York tenement district in days when vice and poverty went hand in hand, he managed to triumph over difficulties and to secure a good education. Once a priest, he rose rapidly to a post of ecclesiastical distinction. He was Chancellor of the New York archdiocese, founder of Cathedral College, Auxiliary Bishop, Bishop of the Army and Navy. Perhaps his greatest achievement was, however, the organization of Catholic Charities. This has ministered to countless thousands of the poor in the spirit of Christian love. New York's races and creeds joined in applauding his election to the College of Cardinals, and his death was the scene of an almost unparalleled tribute.

The Cardinal was faithful to his origins. His faith was that of the Scriptural little child, and his conduct was distinguished by a candid generosity which literally knew no bounds. No one who came to him with a good cause ever left without getting support; and yet his own life was abstemious and humble. In behalf of these things he could upon occasion wrestle stubbornly with the enemy. Father Kelly is right in saying, however, that the Cardinal yearned above all to be a good priest. And doubtless that still is the most laudable of human ambitions.

This he shared with one the most beloved of his contemporaries, Father Duffy. It is good that our biographer should let them walk together through the pages of his book.

George N. Shuster is President of Hunter College in New York.



SAID THE ELECTRICAL MOUTH TO THE ELECTRICAL EAR . . .

"*Joe took father's shoe bench out. She was waiting at my lawn.*"

If you were passing through the Bell Telephone Laboratories today you might hear an electrical mouth speaking this odd talk, or whistling a series of musical notes, to a telephone transmitter.

This mouth can be made to repeat these sounds without variation. Every new telephone transmitter is tested by this mouth before it receives a laboratory or manufacturing O.K. for your use.

This is only one of the tests to which telephone equipment is subjected in the Bell Telephone Laboratories. And there is a reason for the selection of those particular words. It happens that the sentence, "Joe took father's shoe bench out," and its more lyrical companion, "She was waiting at my lawn," contain all the fundamental sounds of the English language that contribute to the intensity of sound in speech.

Busily at work in the interest of every one who uses the telephone is one of the largest research laboratories in the world. The outstanding development of the telephone in this country is proof of the value of this research. In times like these, the work of the Bell Telephone Laboratories becomes increasingly important and necessary.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The Bell System is doing its part in the country's program of National Defense

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FIFTH COLUMN, THREE SIDES

(*Continued from page* 12)

not threaten an occasional factory or railroad or water-supply works. Their attack is upon the very fabric of this nation's social, economic and political system. If they succeed the nation will simply disintegrate. That, in part, is what happened to France.

Mr. Lavine plainly scoffs at estimates of a million fifth columnists in this country. Without identifying the source of this estimate, Mr. Lavine says that the figure is very difficult to swallow. Matching quotations, however, it is obvious that Mr. Lavine is referring to Mr. Britt's account, in which the latter says:

> A million fifth columnists—and that is a conservative estimate based on investigation—walk the streets and have the run of American homes, offices and shops, their hearts black with hostile intentions.

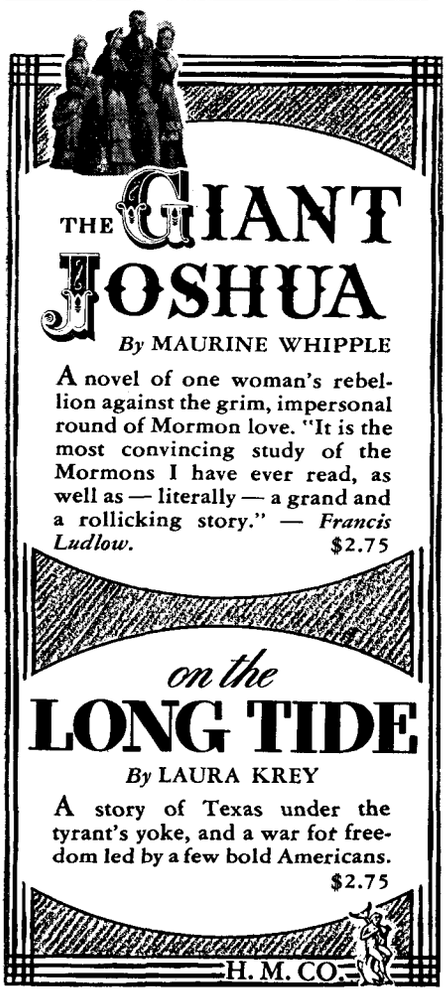
In fairness to Mr. Lavine and Mr. Britt however, it should be pointed out that both have written their books out of different if not conflicting concepts of the subject. Mr. Lavine is more concerned with the native-type of American fascist and the make-up of the leaders; Mr. Britt's book carries a greater emphasis upon the foreign roots and ties of the anti-democracy movement. A not inconsiderable portion of his book is devoted to the sabotage, propagandist, and consular activities of foreign governments against the U. S. Moreover, he relates the fifth column threat in this country with the all-over threat to the Western Hemisphere, discussing totalitarian developments in Mexico, Brazil, Colombia, Chile, and Central America in the light of German, Italian, and Japanese penetration.

Mr. Britt arrives at his figure of a million fifth columnists from the members and direct sympathizers of the German-American Bund (125,000); from "the silent non-flag-waving mass base . . . one out of twenty of the population identifiable as German" (400,000); from the Italian Fascists (200,000); from those "responsive to old-country appeals" (100,000); from members of the Communist Party and "fellow-travelers extra" (100,000).

One thing Mr. Britt and Mr. Lavine do have in common is that the Communists as fifth columnists occupy relatively little space. This situation is somewhat reversed by Mr. Dies, whose "Trojan Horse," when we examine it, is filled almost exclusively with Communists or fellow-travelers. Mr. Dies, unlike either Mr. Britt or Mr. Lavine, has been given an official job by Congress to throw a light on all anti-democratic movements and it might be expected that the facilities available to him and his staff might have produced rather more comprehensive results. He does not ignore entirely the Right side of the fifth column equation; but the proportion is just about inverse to that contained in the books by Mr. Britt and Mr. Lavine.

The material in "The Trojan Horse in America" is not particularly new; much of it has appeared in previous reports of the Dies Committee. If the book were frankly presented, however, as an account of Communist activities in this country it might have gained in importance, because much of what he says bears careful scrutiny. Mr. Dies jumps from one conclusion to the other with the greatest of ease in discussing what he calls fellow-traveling organizations, but his description of the inside workings of the party itself, especially as reflected in the testimony of its leaders, turns a valuable light on an anti-democratic group which bases its program not on the needs of the American people, but on the foreign policy requirements of a government thousands of miles away.

Mr. Dies, however, has written only half a book. Whether he will or can write the other half remains to be seen.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Radio Roundup

BEST BROADCASTS OF 1939-40. Selected and Edited by Max Wylie. New York: Whittlesey House. 1940. 368 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALBERT N. WILLIAMS

IN an attempt to do for radio what Burns Mantle has been doing for the theater and O'Brien for the short story, Max Wylie, head of the script division of the Columbia Broadcasting System, has brought out his second annual anthology of "Best Broadcasts." The word "best" is a dangerous choice in any event, and in the field of radio it would seem to cast a fatal shadow of conjecture over the entire endeavor. Best? Best for what purpose? Best according to what standards?

Apparently Mr. Wylie has many methods of choice. There is, for instance, a script by Arch Oboler—"This Lonely Heart," which was written to *accompany* certain Tschaikovsky music, and which, in script form, can be appreciated only by the most expert radio men with a knowledge of music. Then, in the same category, there is a monologue by W. H. Auden, which reads pleasantly enough, but would not live through its translation into broadcast. The question arises, what in a radio show is good—the literary finery in the background, or the emotional impact of the total sound of it.

In the field of comedy and variety, he is on surer ground, because he embraces, in his choices, all possibilities. Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Burns & Allen, Bob Hope, and the Aldrich family are all given equal billing in this field. He's right. No matter what standards are applied, one of these shows would come up on top. However, in the field of radio education, his judgment is open to question. He neglects several powerful and evocative ventures which have been presented in this last year.

Then, there are several speeches, newscasts, and sports broadcasts which provoke interesting conjecture about how they might have sounded when they were timely and of momentary interest. Here again, what part of radio has inherent literary value, and what part depends upon the occasion?

The book is interesting, to anyone in the trade, who might wonder what Mr. Wylie thinks are "good programs." Beyond that, its lack of pattern deadens its impact. The most valuable portion of the book is the preface, in which Mr. Wylie discusses reasons for the absence of accurate critical standards for radio programs.

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Men Against the Sea

THE HORNET'S LONGBOAT. By William Roos. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1940. 240 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE OLSON

THIS book is another well-written chapter in the story of men against the sea. Though in many ways inevitably similar to the Nordhoff-Hall *Bounty* narrative, this account of incredible suffering and endurance should stand in its own right as a worthy addition to the literature of the sailing ship era. Mr. Roos's story is less varied than the *Bounty's,* his characters less apt to fire the imagination than are Fletcher Christian or Captain Bligh, but his obviously faithful presentation of a true narrative of elemental struggle and triumph over hardship has its own positive value for the reader.

The *Hornet,* carrying a cargo of kerosene and candles from New York for San Francisco, caught fire in the Pacific off the coast of South America, and the crew, with two Boston divinity student passengers, was forced to take to the boats. Mr. Roos's method in telling of the investigation of the cause of the fire is definitely reminiscent of Joseph Conrad's old preoccupation with the moral implications of perverse action. Whether or not the fire was started intentionally we never learn entirely, but as a result thirty-one men are set adrift in three small boats, stocked with provisions for a mere few days. The rest of the book follows their horrible journey of four thousand miles about the Pacific, out of the doldrums and into the squalls, their search for islands whose very existence was "doubtful" on the maps, with the provisions running out and the men wasting away or going mad in the by-now familiar shipwreck fashion.

Of the fifteen men in the Captain's longboat, which alone reaches safety, only half a dozen are characterized in any detail; of these, perhaps four emerge as tangible personalities. The figure of Captain Mitchell alone is maintained with consistent reality, for through the eyes of his responsibility the story of his men is told. He is quite different from Captain Bligh, for the driving urge for revenge is not in his heart. But in the end his charge is fulfilled, and the men in the longboat are finally brought through to safety.

The author's comprehensive knowledge of seamanship and his constant enthusiasm for the story he has to tell make "The *Hornet's* Longboat" highly entertaining reading. Here the romantic attraction of any sea yarn is reinforced by a written account kept in diaries of the Captain and some of the men who endured the voyage, and the resulting combination of fact and traditional romance has been put down clearly and with a proper sense of the story's intrinsic ability to entertain.

"I like humor with my horror, and this is about the smoothest mixture I have seen in recent years."
—Phil Stong.

THE Survivor

By DENNIS PARRY

"I want life. Any brand will do."

The words stirred Olive uncomfortably. They were not what Uncle James should have been saying, there on his deathbed. She wished that she understood why the hated old man had been kind to her when he had made life a burden and torment for Aunt Eva and Uncle Roger. As a doctor, Uncle James had fought death on a thousand fronts, in a hundred countries. Now, old and tired, he was dying. What Olive, and all the family should have realized was that Dr. James Marshall was not the man to let himself die, no matter what happened . . .

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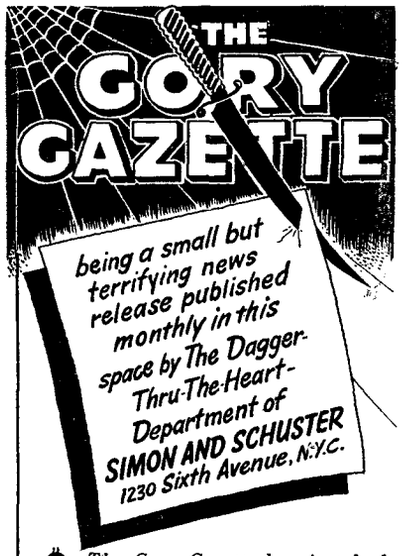
THE
GORY
GAZETTE
being a small but terrifying news release published monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of
SIMON AND SCHUSTER
1230 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C.

The Gory Gazette has just had its Annual Year-End Director's Meeting. This involved sending down for a carton of cigarettes, getting together in one office, and brooding.

But not darkly. The Pointers-With-Pride heavily outnumbered the Viewers-With-Alarm. 1940 saw the start of our plan to publish an Inner Sanctum Mystery each month—saw the birth of the Gory Gazette and the wide-eyed zombie (see below and around) that is our trademark.

And going backwards through 1940 (it was at this point that one sub-director said that's all we'd done all year anyway) we saluted *The Inner Sanctum Mysteries* which have been picked by assorted experts on Best-of-the-Year lists throughout the country: *The Bride Wore Black, by Cornell Woolrich, The Wrong Number, by Craig Rice, Sing a Song of Homicide, by James R. Langham, The Goose is Cooked, by Emmett Hogarth, The Case of the Baker Street Irregulars, by Anthony Boucher.*

Mention of ANTHONY BOUCHER jolted the meeting out of its nostalgic mood. Because ANTHONY BOUCHER's new book, *The Case of the Solid Key*, (price $2.00) is The Inner Sanctum Mystery for January—and it rings the bell by starting the New Year off with a bong.

The Director in Charge of Humor, a sombre fellow, sighed: "No chance, I suppose, that BOUCHER has managed another sardonic rib as hilarious as *The Baker Street Irregulars?*" We assured him that BOUCHER had. This time the unhappy victim is Hollywood. To say nothing of the corpse in the locked room. And, incidentally, ANTHONY BOUCHER has found a new way to get his murderer in and out of it.

The Director in Charge of Keeping Both Feet on the Ground added his two cents. "All very well," he said intelligently, "but what kind of a mystery is it? Will it keep me guessing?" At which point we took advantage of a good thing and bet him ten to one that *The Case of the Solid Key* would triple bluff the pants off him.

Then we looked around for the Director in Charge of Directors. That shrewd fellow was back in his own office, behind his own locked door, busily reading—which is what you should be doing this minute—

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY

THE CASE OF THE SOLID KEY

THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

THE ROAD RETURNS. By Paul Corey. Bobbs-Merrill. 1940. 457 *pp.* $2.50.

Mr. Corey confines himself to a background of a few square miles of farms and a small county seat in Iowa, but the picture he draws in this novel is America, as Hardy's Wessex was England. In "Three Square Miles" he told the story of the Mantz family and their neighbors from 1910 to 1916. "The Road Returns" continues this family and community narrative through 1923, but is nevertheless an independent novel, understandable and enjoyable by itself. The real protagonist of the book is the widow Mantz, courageous and self-sacrificing, but not at all the *mère noble* of romance; for she is sometimes rude and irritable and she stupidly interferes in the lives of her children. But her failings help make her credible, and she retains the respect of family, neighbors, and readers.

Older readers who remember vividly the convulsive war years and the even more feverish post-war period of relaxed moral codes, fantastic prices, and near-economic collapse (last dress rehearsal for 1929) will recognize the authenticity of detail and background. The Liberty Loans, the senseless persecution of farmers of German descent, echoes of the incredible war in the rural community, the blatant patrioteers, the deadly influenza epidemic, the boom, the beginning of the gadget craze, the depression, the painful readjustment, the faint promise of "Cooliidge Prosperity"—the seven-year period is expertly recaptured. The first suggestion of a farmers' alliance—and strikes, the mechanization of the farm, the disturbing and unhealthful shift of population to towns—these revolutionary changes are all presented in terms of human values, but with complete objectivity.

"The Road Returns" is not brilliantly written, but Corey's quiet style, homely and vernacular, is just right for his *comédie rurale.*

R. A. C.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MAIGRET TO THE RESCUE *Georges Simenon* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	With frontier town and Paris as backgrounds Maigret solves three murders, two current, t'other a-many-years-ago.	Psychology to fore in initial offering, which is in *crime passionel* dept.; concluding story presents super-fine detecting and inspired writing.	For connoisseurs
MURDER OUT OF TURN *Frances and Richard Lockridge* (Stokes: $2.)	Knifing and criminal incineration finish two N. Y. summer cottagers. Mr. and Mrs. North help guest-sleuth Weigand nail desperate killer.	Detective steals story from Norths who nevertheless inject much humor into sparkling and capitally-constructed yarn with mile-a-minute finish.	Class A
THE CASE OF THE HAUNTED BRIDES *William DuBois* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Bridegroom fatally fogged during burst of Wagner on Conn. lawn. Tabloid reporter pinch-hitting for best man does clever detecting.	Twenty Year Plan of patient killer ruined by newshawk meanie after three, possibly four, maybe six, slayings. Too bad.	Too bad
THREE THIRDS OF A GHOST *Timothy Fuller* (Atlantic-Little Brown: $2.)	Lecturing author shot at literary soiree. Boston police capt. also demolished. Unethical efforts of Jupiter Jones prove highly effective.	Fictional appearance of thinly-veiled New England lit'ry lights add special tang to capably constructed if not highly original opus.	Satisfactory
THE TALKING CLOCK *Frank Gruber* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Itinerant book-peddlers escape murder charge by solving mystery of voluble time-piece and clearing up two widely separated slayings.	Amusing and picaresque pair of chronically busted amateur sleuths talk reader into high spirits in yarn which is not flawless technically.	Good fun
THE EVIL MEN DO *Cortland Fitzsimmons* (Stokes: $2.)	79 year old grand-aunt with record as shrewd sleuth saves niece from 'orrible fate and solves several Cal. killings.	Indomitable Mrs. Thomas runs both police and malefactors ragged in peppery tale of Hollywood evildoers and their manifold wickedness.	Fast and frenzied

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Fiction

THE INHERITORS. By Philip Atlee. Dial. 1940. 305 *pp.* $2.50.

The author of this novel proclaims that the only thing he really believes in is mirth. But there is no mirth here, unless the befouled wit of the corner-drugstore boys or the trick of saying "I know not" for "I don't know" may pass for it. The young bar-and-bedroom hounds of the Fort Worth country-club set and the life they lead is the burden of the novel. It is a chronicle of drunken spells separated by brief intervals of hangover, of dances at which the young girls of the set are willingly debauched, of idle hours spent in bull-session, tilting the bottle, kicking the wall, and bandying obscenities. The narrator is just one of the boys, a sort of Xenophon among the Greeks. He wrecks a car while chasing a blonde, attains his object at a party where he "gets her into trouble," nobly borrows a few hundred dollars to pay for getting her out again, watches wistfully while she marries another man, then leaves for Chicago. Others of the set have similar adventures. Occasionally the elders have to crash through with a bit of hush-money. "Hot Horse" Mumford gets self and girl killed when the providence that looks after drunks fails to prevent his automobile from folding up. There is a moment of solemnity. "Strike Three," murmurs Jarvis, and the dizzy whirl resumes. That's all.

It's a bit like watching a dog scratch fleas for three hundred pages.

L. J. H., Jr.

THE SPARK IN THE REEDS. By S. M. C. New York: Kennedy. 1940. 249 *pp.* $2.

This tale of a missionary priest in early nineteenth century England is a grave and deeply felt study of the human spirit triumphant over the defeat of all its works. Although Hirst Bocking, the hero of "The Spark in the Reeds," is engaged in a struggle to bring Catholicism back to England, his story is a universal one, since there have been men with as passionate and selfless a will for good in every country and in and outside every creed.

The hero is a priest whose first act after ordination is to transplant a community of Cistercian monks from France to his ancestral home in Devonshire. After their cattle have been stolen, their crops destroyed and several of their number have died the monks return to France. Bitterly disappointed, his ambition humbled, Hirst accompanies them, determined to become a Trapist. But here, too, he is checked and he comes back to England broken in health and disturbed in spirit. His final effort is to bring comfort and faith to the miserable factory workers in the vile, hidden villages that have begun to spring up throughout Lancashire. His labors are worse than futile; they do more harm than good. Driven away, bearing in his arms a maimed and dying infant entrusted to him by its half-crazed mother, Hirst staggers across England to die unknown, and never to be identified, in the abandoned refectory of his own home.

S. M. C.'s novel will unquestionably appeal more to her fellow-Catholics than to other readers. Its tone restricts it far more than its theme necessitates. No one, however, could question its integrity.

F. S.

Miscellaneous

THIS IS MY OWN. By Rockwell Kent. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1940. 393 *pp.* $3.50.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead . . . ?" If so, let him read how a distinguished American artist bought himself a farm near Ausable Forks in Essex County, New York; how he built himself a house whose only neighbor was Mount Whiteface; how he resolved that here, at all costs, he would give himself to art and nothing else; how, in the fourteen years described in this book, the price of isolation proved to be higher than he wished to pay. "Artists must renounce, it seems (I didn't), both their duties as citizens and whatever common, ordinary, decent manhood they possess. For me it's now too late." Year after year, Kent was reminded that, although a three-hundred acre farm has boundaries, the conscience of an American democrat has none. Rockwell Kent became known as a contentious person: Kent against the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, against the upstate Republican Ring, against the Vermont Marble Company, the Post Office Department, the Governor of Puerto Rico, the Dies Committee. These pages, written with truculence, fervor, and complete honesty, will make clear that all these conflicts involved issues to ignore which, in the name of artistic freedom, would have destroyed the integrity of both the artist and the man.

There are in this volume, as in the others Kent has written, deeply felt descriptions of nature, bold self-revelations, prose that is lyrical, and prose that crackles indignantly. There is humor, and a gift for sheer storytelling. There is, all told, an affirmation of principles as unshakably American as the mountain in whose shadow its author writes.

O. L.

HOME TOWN. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 1940. 143 *pp.* $2.50.

This unpretentious book is really excellent. Its text, by Sherwood Anderson, is a free and easy (but more penetrating than you would guess) account of life in an American town. It is life not as the sociologist, or novelist, or doctor, or judge, or recialist would see it; but small town life as it seems to the everyday small town American, above the want level, to be sure, but otherwise not privileged nor distinguished. There is no rose or purple in this town life, and plenty of butternut homespun, and some drab. Remember that Sherwood Anderson wrote "Winesburg, Ohio." He knows where the seams run. But this homely account of homely (and kindly people) is just as true; and the photographs, taken by Farm Security Photographers, are even better than the text. They belong to the "candid" school but are taken, not to catch the subject in a bad moment, but to present the unstudied, unselfconscious faces of the town against the background where they live. If we wished to show a foreigner what an American small town was most generally like, we would certainly give him this book.

H. S. C.

Travel

GREENLAND LIES NORTH. By William S. Carlson. Macmillan. 1940. 306 *pp.* $3.50.

The inspiration of William Herbert Hobbs in the field of glaciological study in Greenland cannot be overestimated. In his own books "Anti-Glacial Cyclones" and "The North Pole of the Winds" he has told of his theories

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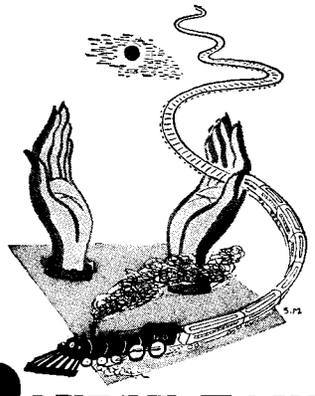
and the work which he has done to prove them. And following in his footsteps, either under his direct leadership or "on their own" in expeditions organized at Ann Arbor under his supervision, many young men have ventured into the North to make a still further study of the glaciers of Greenland and the great, mysterious Inland Ice.

"Greenland Lies North" is the record of the most recent of these expeditions. Alone, save for one white companion, Max Demorest, Mr. Carlson spent a winter in Greenland engaged in the study of the glaciers and in taking meteorological observations. To an Arctic enthusiast, everything written about the Arctic is read with eager interest, therefore it is difficult to understand why this particular book seems to move so slowly. For some reason, impossible to analyze, there is no life in the book, not even in the detailed descriptions of the Eskimos and their ways and customs. Not one character mentioned comes off the printed page to be a living, breathing person. One reads on and on, and nothing seems to happen, nothing seems to have been accomplished. There is undoubtedly valuable material to be found in the course of the narrative and some of the descriptions of Arctic scenes and Arctic weather are much more sensitive and poetical than would be expected from a scientist, but for one reader at least, the book as a whole does not come off.

M. A. P.



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By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

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16- P	17- R	18- Y	19- H	20- J	21- X		22- N	23- O	24- T		25- G	26- P	27- N	28- T	29- J	30- K
31- X	32- E	33- V	34- Y	35- L	36- R		37- I	38- U	39- F	40- Z		41- B	42- W	43- A	44- V	45- U
	46- N	47- B	48- T	49- F		50- K	51- F	52- Y	53- U	54- L		55- G	56- B	57- D		58- V
59- W	60- R	61- N	62- Z	63- E		64- J	65- O	66- W	67- B		68- H	69- R	70- J	71- P	72- O	73- D
74- K		75- U	76- T	77- Q	78- I		79- O	80- I	81- L	82- Y		83- N	84- Z	85- M	86- X	
87- P	88- Q	89- H	90- T	91- X	92- N	93- R	94- D	95- K		96- X	97- J	98- G	99- H	100- L	101- O	102- K
103- E	104- N	105- V	106- Y	107- A	108- D		109- I	110- J	111- Q	112- C		113- Q	114- B		115- M	116- W
	117- S	118- K	119- C	120- D		121- C	122- A		123- H	124- N	125- W	126- K	127- G	128- F	129- D	
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145- T		146- Y	147- D	148- O		149- O	150- M	151- F	152- K	153- R	154- E		155- U	156- C		157- I
158- F		159- Z	160- N	161- M		162- P	163- B	164- S	165- D	166- W	167- X	168- I	169- G	170- L	171- F	
172- C	173- O		174- L	175- E	176- J	177- V	178- A	179- B	180- I	181- R	182- S	183- H	184- G			

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Start (comp.)

B. Dialect of a Swedish island in the Baltic.

C. Like a bush.

D. Accent on the last syllable (2 wds.)

E. Person of negative importance.

F. Those who find mystical significance in numbers.

G. Opera by Glück.

H. Suppress, put down.

I. Witch; malicious person.

J. Olivia's uncle ("As You Like It.").

K. Emptiness of real worth.

L. Without limitation.

M. Of the color of smoke.

N. Nevertheless (3 wds.; colloq.)

O. Quartz-like agate, onyx, etc.

P. Render concrete in perceptible form.

Q. Commingle.

R. Saturation with moisture.

S. Having original qualities unimpaired.

T. First name of English novelist and essayist (1894—).

U. Woman's headdress, tied under the chin (Hist.)

V. Fixed; stable.

W. Epithet of Elaine ("Idylls of the King"; 2 wds.)

X. Excises, levies.

Y. Lacking sense of ethical responsibility.

Z. Author of drama "Jane Shore."

WORDS

43 178 122 107 2

41 179 67 56 163 114 47

132 119 172 121 112 156

73 147 57 165 94 120 108 129 144

142 103 32 175 154 63

131 137 39 158 151 51 171 49 128

55 98 25 127 184 169 143

123 89 19 99 183 68

157 78 80 180 37 168 109

64 136 70 29 20 97 176 1 110

102 13 141 50 118 30 126 95 74 152

170 100 174 14 35 81 54

134 140 115 161 150 85

22 27 104 46 160 6 92 124 83 61

149 65 79 72 101 4 148 133 23 173

87 5 71 26 162 16

113 77 3 111 88

135 69 7 17 93 181 153 36 60

139 8 182 164 117

48 28 24 76 90 145

45 38 155 75 130 53

9 12 58 44 33 105 138 177

15 166 42 116 10 66 59 125

91 96 167 31 21 86 11

146 52 82 18 106 34

62 84 159 40

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS ASSOCIATES

WITH a bow to Barry Benefield, we cannot help saying that Courage is the Word for André Malraux. The distinguished French author who fought in a tank division in the French Army was taken prisoner on June 16, two days after he was wounded. He escaped in November and now writes to his publishers that he is safe in unoccupied France and is working on a new book. Somehow we expected all this from Malraux; an author who has the insight, courage, vision, and understanding to contribute *Man's Hope* and *Man's Fate* to the literature of war and revolution is an inspiring figure. We look forward to his new book with man's fate and hope.

★ ★

☞Picasso, apparently, is becoming increasingly popular with the American public. The exhibition of Picasso's works held about a year ago in New York City at the Museum of Modern Art has whetted the interests of art lovers and stimulated discussion and controversy. To help to a clearer understanding of this French Modern we recommend two recent publications. From the University of Chicago comes a lavish portfolio of 19 plates called *Understanding Picasso,* by Helen F. Mackenzie. It's surprisingly inexpensive ($2.00), and traces Picasso's development from his earliest efforts to new realms in abstractions and surrealism. *Picasso,* by Jean Cassou and translated by Mary Chamot is a more comprehensive job. Here the author helps to explain and to make clear the motives, forces, and influences that Picasso has exerted throughout the art world the past thirty years or so. Art Book Publications is the publisher ($4.00).

★ ★

☞*Embezzled Heaven,* Franz Werfel's new book, enjoys a dual distinction. It is one of very few books that has been chosen to represent the offerings of two book clubs. In December, the Book-of-the-Month Club sent it to its members and now the Catholic Book Club has made it its choice for January. We heard Werfel speak one night last Fall when he had just arrived from Lisbon after a very hazardous escape from France after the Nazi invasion. He's a short, stocky man and speaks with intensity. The Emergency Rescue Committee, which brought him here, has already brought more than forty distinguished refugee writers and artists to these shores. Among them are Heinrich Mann and Lion Feuchtwanger.

★ ★

☞Emil Ludwig is now down in Mexico and doing considerable research in preparation for a biography on Leon Trotsky. Mexican authorities were at first reluctant to permit Ludwig to make inquiries concerning the murder of the former Russian War Commissar, but have relaxed their restrictions. One of the first men to be interviewed was David Alfaro Sigueiros, Mexican painter, who is still held in connection with the murder. With due respect to Mr. Ludwig, however, we feel there is only one person alive today who can do a really definitive biographical job: Trotsky's widow. Much or all of Trotsky's writings and confidential material is in her possession and what is more she has lived, fought, and braved for many years the dangerous and historical career of her husband. Completion of a work of this sort will help clear many mysteries.

★ ★

☞A major loss to the field of literature and philosophy is the death of Henri Louis Bergson. He died in Paris January 5. Mr. Bergson was the winner of the Nobel prize for literature in 1927.

★ ★

☞From the South we hear that Ellen Glasgow will soon have her new novel, the first in five years, published March 27th. It deals with modern times, and from advanced reports we learn this work will probably rank with her very best efforts. It always seems to us a mystery of sorts why this distinguished American novelist has never been awarded the Pulitzer Prize. Few authors write with such distinction and craftsmanship. Certainly Miss Glasgow is due for greater recognition.

★ ★

☞"In Line-Up," a collection of mystery writings edited by John Rhode, J. J. Connington has an interesting chapter about *A Criminologist's Book-Shelf*—the source books on which mystery story writers rely for dope about dope, forging, ballistics, police procedure, ciphers, and the other scientific fooleries of crime. Mr. Connington expresses surprise that "the readers of detective stories have not discovered these books, for in some respects they are even more interesting than detective fiction."

★ ★

☞*SRL* readers who wish to embark on such a reading career can start, around Jan. 20th, with a brand new book, "Finger Printing"—a history by Charles Edward Chapel. ($3.50, Coward-McCann.)

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. William Dorrit, in "Little Dorrit," by Charles Dickens.
2. Edmond Dantes, in "The Count of Monte Cristo," by Dumas.
3. Rudolph of Ruritania, in "The Prisoner of Zenda," by Anthony Hope.
4. Jean Valjean, in "Les Miserables," by Victor Hugo.
5. Christian and Hopeful, in "Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyan.
6. Margaret, in "Faust," by Goethe.
7. Judah Ben Hur, in "Ben Hur," by Lew Wallace.
8. Clifford Pyncheon, in "The House of Seven Gables," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
9. James Dyke, in "The Valiant," by Holworthy Hall and Robert M. Middlemass.
10. Rogero, in "The Rovers," by George Canning.

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